been with her and the Duke at dinner. "I want to go on talking to him," she told herself. She realised the Duke was still downstairs and it would be an easy matter to slip back and be with him.

Even as she thought of it, she was shocked at the idea. And yet, all the time she was undressing she was thinking that she might be with him. She could be listening to his deep voice, and watching for the twinkle in his eyes when something amused him. "Perhaps after tomorrow when the Ambassador has been, I will never see him again," she told herself as she got into bed. It was then she realised how much this would hurt her.

In the short time she had known him, the Duke had somehow occupied her thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. Suddenly she realised the danger of it. If the Duke was to haunt her, how could she find any other man attractive? How would it be possible for her to go on thinking about him, when she did not see him? She knew she would feel even more lonely than she had when her father had died. The questions seemed to crowd in on her, impressing themselves on her mind until she could not sleep.

Finally she got out of bed and went to the window to pull back the curtains. The stars filled the sky as they had last night as she peeped out of her window in the Castle. Now as she looked up at them she realised she was reaching for the stars. It was, in fact, the most foolish thing she had done in her whole life. "How could I be so idiotic as to fall in love with a man who is as far away from me as the stars?" she asked herself. "A man to whom I can never mean anything."

She felt the tears come into her eyes. Because it was impossible to see the stars clearly, she closed the curtains. Luella got back into bed and cried as she had not cried since her father's funeral. She was honest enough with herself to know that she was not crying now for her father, but for a star that was completely out of reach.

The next morning Luella was not called very early. By the time she had dressed Enrico she found when she went downstairs that the Duke had already had his breakfast, and was in the study with his secretary.

There was a large choice of dishes. Hewitt, the butler, told them that as His Grace was going to be busy all morning, he had suggested they might like to go driving in the park. Enrico grew excited at the idea of seeing the big horses again.

An open victoria was brought round to the front door. Luella and he set off in style. They drove down Rotten Row. She saw smart gentlemen on horseback talking to beautiful ladies in open carriages like their own. "They belong to the Duke's world," she thought, "and I am not a part of it."

Enrico was thrilled by everything he saw. He jumped up and down pointing out to Luella first one horse, then another. When he saw some children on horseback who were about the same age as himself, he demanded that he too should be allowed to ride. Luella thought that if he lived with her she would somehow have to contrive to afford a pony, even if it was only a very cheap one.